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INVINCIBLE AMERICA

THE NATIONAL MUSIC

OF

UNITED-STATES

IN PEACE AND AT WAR

Instrumental and Vocal Concert, Illustrated with photographic  
projections, engravings and historical comments.

Organized and Directed

by

G. M. TOMAS

*Member of the National Academy of Arts and Letters*



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1919





*To the Glorious Country  
of  
Washington, Lincoln and Wilson,  
This Volume  
is  
Admiringly Dedicated*

456676



“ . . . Sweet land of liberty,  
of thee I sing . . . ”

“ Land of the noble, free,  
thy name I love . . . ”



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ON THE SCREEN.  
LIST OF  
PHOTOGRAPHIC PROJECTIONS





## ON THE SCREEN

### LIST OF PROJECTIONS

N. B. The numbers correspond with Concert Programme.

#### *Colonial Period.*

- N. 1 *a.* The Mayflower entering Plymouth Harbor.
- .. .. *b.* The First Winter at Plymouth.
- .. .. *c.* The First Thanksgiving.
- N. 2 Puritan Church Bell.
- N. 3 *a.* Puritan Children in School.
- .. .. *b.* Puritan Dreams.

#### *Revolutionary Period.*

- N. 4 Yankee Doodle.
- N. 5 Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.
- N. 6 The Star Spangled Banner.
- N. 7 House in which "Hail Columbia" was written, and  
Theatre where Hail Columbia was first sung.
- N. 8 Lafayette at Mount Vernon.
- N. 9 "Home, Sweet Home", *a* Home of John Howard Payne  
and *b.* Interior of Payne's, "Home, Sweet Home".

#### *Civil War Period.*

- N. 10 Sherman's Ride.
- N. 11 Tenting on the Old Camp Ground.
- N. 12 From Maryland Heights.
- N. 13 Dixie Land.
- N. 14 Dandy Jim of Caroline.
- N. 15 Sunday afternoon on a Southern Plantation.
- N. 16 "Way down upon the Swanee ribber".



CONCERT  
PROGRAMME





## CONCERT PROGRAMME

### PART FIRST

#### COLONIAL PERIOD. (1620)

##### OF PSALMODY

##### Nº 1 THREE TUNES:

*a "York".*

*b "Windsor".*

*c "Old Hundred".*

##### Nº 2 PURITAN CHURCH BELL.

*(Drum beats).*

##### Nº 3 TWO TUNES:

*a "St. Ann".*

*b "Lancaster".*

#### INDEPENDENCE PERIOD. (1776)

##### OF WAR

##### Nº 4 YANKIE DOODLE.

##### Nº 5 CHESTER.

##### Nº 6 THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

##### OF CHEER AND PATHOS

##### Nº 7 HAIL COLUMBIA.

##### Nº 8 MOUNT VERNON.

##### Nº 9 HOME, SWEET HOME.



## HISTORICAL COMMENTS



## COLONIAL PERIOD

...*“The which I shall endeavor to manetest in a plaine stile,  
with singular regard unto y<sup>e</sup> simple trueth in all things”.*

BRADFORD, “OF PLIMOTH PLANTATION”.



## OF PSALMODY

"It is a curious fact that the cultivation of the most refined and poetic of the arts in America should have its origin with the stern and prosaic Pilgrims and Puritans of the early days. And yet it is in that forbidding soil that we have to recognize the root of American musical effort, which has today grown to such fair and noble proportions. True, their musical activity, and it is but a formula of words to call it such, was confined to psalmody alone, and it was directed by religious rather than by art impulses; but it was none the less the origin from which we have to trace the musical history of our country." (1)

"The original colonists were, in not a single instance, of the kind from which Apollo could expect worship. The stern Puritan of New England came with his prejudices set against all ornate or artistic music, and spent the first century of his American life in settling the question whether or not he ought to sing at all, and some time longer in making up his mind—the first proposition being accepted—if the musical symbols, *i. e.*, the notes, were not as closely allied to the devil as organs, and as much to be eschewed." (2)

---

(1) "A HUNDRED YEARS OF MUSIC IN AMERICA", by W. S. B. MATHEWS.


(2) "FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS", edited by *Paine, Thomas and Klausner*, Vol. II, chap.: "Music in America".

cent of genuine American music. At times were unmistakable folk music with which "*Meat*," "*Connotation*" retained their hold on American taste. The original plan of singing in the epoch in which the Pilgrims sang art culture. The song, at the

Fig. 73. 第 73 圖

Fig. 73. 第 73 圖


P. 21 11 *1871-72 Tune.*



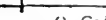
Handwritten musical notation on two staves. The notation is in a single system with a common time signature. The first staff contains a melody with various note values and rests. The second staff contains a bass line with similar notation. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

2nd. 116 Wind for Tune,  
  
 I love, because Jeh-va doth  
  
 my voice and prayer — — —  
  
 And in my days will call, because  


He low'd to me his ear,  
That to Cambridge Short Tune.




O God to rescue me ;



Lord to mine help make haste.



Who seek my soul, ah! wou'd let be



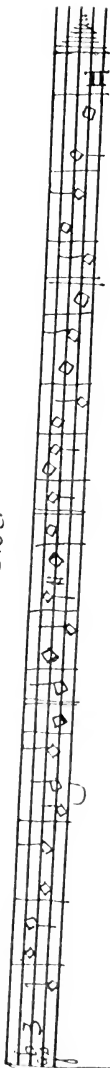
and let them be abus'd

filled the air, like the old plan  
 of scoured iron, what was known as  
 were scarce, the clerk laid out  
 to the congregation. When  
 Plymouth Rock they brought over  
 printed in the Geneva bozeng  
 was. This book had been compiled

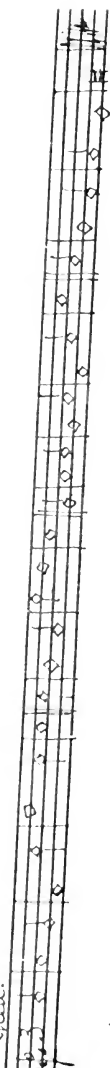


# Mear.

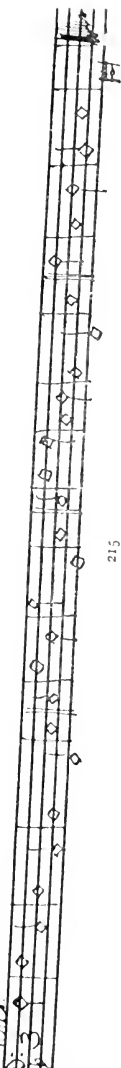
Cant.



Med.



Bar.



1611, by Thomas Wapsworth, of Amsterdam, it represents the first appearance of one of the most musical countries of Europe applied to the worship of the Deity. In 1610 the prees of Cambridge published the first Psalter Book, compiled by Eliot, Welde, and Mearns, of Exeter. It was the second book published in England, and ran through seventy editions. The contents of the music. Various other compilations from



Page, reduced, from Walter's "Grounds and Rules of Musick"

1. There were collections printed of the seventeenth century—1698; perhaps earlier; also Walters collection, through several editions as late as A. B., published "Urania", a large volume in 1761 (copies of which may be found in the library). In the eighteenth century arose a group of writers and composers of popular hymn and cant, but almost always artisans—men of American music. "Mear", is known to be American. It appears

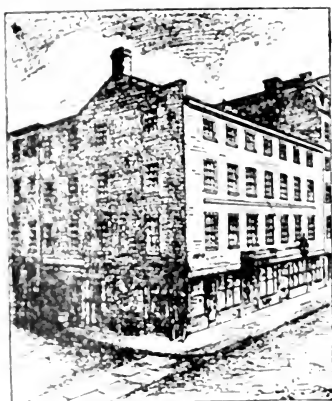
in a book printed by John Barnard in 1727. It was republished in London in 1748, and the tunes in it were named after towns near Plymouth. The present reprint is made from a collection of forty-nine tunes to accompany Rev. Jonh Barnad's Psalms, Boston, 1752. "Engraved, printed, and sold by James, near the Town House, Boston, 1752". Barnard was born in Boston, November 6, 1861, and published "A New Version of the Psalms of David" on his seventy-first birthday. He died January 24, 1770, in Boston." (1)

"The singing schools (for many others followed the one which Boston established in 1717) were an important factor in the advance, for the congregations were no longer on the same level of musical ability, or rather weakness; the number who were skilled in music were apt to gather together, without any express command from the minister, and without being assigned to any especial position in meeting-house. Choirs had therefore crept into some churches before 1750, although there is no official record of the fact. . . . . In the last half of the eighteenth century, because of the victory of the choirs and singnig schools, books of music began to follow each other with great profusion. Newburyport, Northampton, Worcester and Boston, all sent forth their various musical collections. "The American Harmony", "The Gentleman and Ladies Musical Companion", "The Psalm-Singer's Amusement", "The Massachusetts Harmony", "The Suffolk Harmony", and "Laus Deo", all followed in quick succession, the last named being especially interesting, from the fact that it was the first book printed from music type in this country, all its predecessors being engraved works. Naturally, with such a musical activity going on throughout New England, there was also some agitation regarding instrumental music. A few bold spirits desired to introduce the organ into the divine service here, as it was used in foreign

---

(1) "THE MUSIC OF THE MODERN WORLD", Edited by *Anton Seidl*, assisted by *F. Morris Smith, H. E. Krehbiel and W. S. Howard*. Vol. I. Chap.: "Notes on Early American Hymn Tune Composers."

unopposed, but in this matter the victory was gained with the aid of *Caliban*, and the conflict of opinions lasted at the meeting. As early as 1713, Mr. Brattle, a Puritan out of Boston, felt a want of artistic instincts, and much more than that, his fellow citizens in theological matters gave it with assent to the Brattle Square Church, with the *qualification* that the offer should be accepted within a year after his departure, and they should "*procure a sober person to sing on the organ thereon with a loud voice*." The



Concert Hall

organist of the time. The Scripture shows that Mr. Brattle furnished some sugar coating, and his fellow citizens' sweet are further illustrated by a quotation from the church which declined the proffered organ, "We do not think it expedient to remove to 'Kings Chapel', the representative of the Church of England in Boston at that time. The church was overwhelmingly against the acceptance of the sentence, "We do not think it expedient to remove to the public worship of God", is taken from the Bible. The organ was therefore given to King's Chapel, and used it until 1756, when a new and larger organ was purchased. An organist was imported from

London to play upon the instrument. This was the first pipeorgan set up in a New England church"..... "In 1770, for the first time in American history, a Congregational church allowed an organ to be used in its service, but this happened in Providence, where bigoted lines were never very strongly drawn"..... "As early as 1756, a public-spirited citizen, named Stephen Deblois, built a "Concert Hall" in Boston, and many entertainments were given there. Other concerts took place frequently in Brattle Street, where a "Music Hall" existed. In the early concerts music was combined with dancing, for not only were there occasional fancy dances given in the programme, but the concert was frequently followed by a ball, both entertainments being given at a single admission"..... "In 1770 the first book of native composition appeared in the musical field. It was entitled "The New England Psalm-Singer; or American Chorister. Containing a number of Psalm-tunes, Anthems, and Canons. In four and five parts. (Never before published.) Composed by William Billings, a Native of Boston, in New England. Math. XXI, 16. "Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings hast Thou perfected Praise". James V. 13. "Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms".

*O, Praise the Lord with one consent,  
And in this grateful strain,  
Let Britain and the Colonies  
Unanimously join."*

Boston, New England. Printed by Edes & Gill"..... "From all the accounts of Billings we believe him to have been a great music-lover, an enthusiast, honest in his convictions, but uncouth in expression and utterly untrained in the school of music which he undertook to compose, the most dignified and difficult school of any. Yet we are not of those who despise his "woodnotes wild," nor are we disposed to jest at his honest love of an art of which he stood only upon the threshold. He was the right man in the right place. A good composer in the higher forms would have utterly failed to appeal to the American public of that time. William Billings broke the ice which was

Coronation. C. M. Words by the Rev. Mr. Medley.

Original.

All to the praise of Jesus our King, Sing forth the royal hymn of praise, And crown him Lord of all, Sing forth the royal hymn of praise, And crown him Lord of all.

94

HOLLIS Street. Words by the Rev'd D<sup>r</sup> Byles: PM.

(Unite in the Praise of Jesus our King.) (A tuneful hosanna exultantly  
Let angels above & saints here below.) (Let all the creation with gratitude glow,

MEDFELD. Words by the late Sam<sup>l</sup> Byles. M. D. L. M.

(What a kindness is done for me,) (I'll love the spring from whence they  
When I say various blessings, (my heart with gratitude should glow,)

congealing New England's music, and America owes him a great debt of gratitude spite of his few thousand errors of harmony." (1)

Before closing this section, mention should be made of Billing's followers: Andrew Law, A. B. (Brown University, 1775), born in Cheshire, Conn., 1748 and died aged 72 years. He received the degree of A. M. from Yale College in 1786. Jacob Kimball, Jr. born in 1761; graduated at Harvard in 1780; studied law and was admitted to the bar in Strafford, N. H. in 1795; deserted his profession and devoted himself to music teaching in many New England towns. He died in the poorhouse. Samuel Holyoke, "opposed the fugue tunes". Daniel Read, born in Attleborough, Mass., in 1757 and died in New Haven, Conn. in 1836. Timothy Swan, born in Worcester, Mass. in 1758, and died in Suffield, Conn. where he had spent his life, in 1842. Oliver Holden, author of *Coronation*, which serves to perpetuate his name, was born in Shirley, Mass. 1765. He was a carpenter by trade. He left behind saws and planes to become a musician. He compiled and edited several volumes of music and died at Charlestown, Mass. in 1811.

(1) "The National Music of America," by Louis C. Elwood.





## INDEPENDENCE PERIOD

*"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."*

EMERSON, "CONCORD HYMN."



OF WAR



## YANKEE DOODLE

"In looking over an old file of the Albany Statesman edited by N. H. Carter, Esq., we meet with the following interesting note, respecting the origin of the tune "Yankee Doodle," the words of which were published in the Collections for May. It is known as a matter of history, that in the early part of 1755, great exertions were made by the British Ministry, at the head of which was the illustrious Earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas. To carry the object into effect, General Amherst, referred to in the latters or Junius, was appointed to the command of the British army in North Western America; and the British colonies in America were called upon for assistance, and contributed with alacrity their several quotas of men, to effect the grand object of British enterprise. It is a fact still in the recollection of some of our oldest inhabitants, that the British army lay encamped, in the summer of 1755, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany, on the ground now belonging to John I. Van Rensselaar, Esq. To this day vestiges of their encampment remain; and after a lapse of sixty years, when a great proportion of the actors of those days have passed away like shadows from the earth, the inquisitive traveller can observe the remains of the ashes, the places where they boiled their camp kettles. It was this army, that, under the command of Abercrombie, was foiled,

the attack on Teonderoga, where the  
 at the head of his troops, in an  
 resecrated to his fame. In the early  
 of troops began to pour in, company  
 a motley assemblage of men never  
 or on such an occasion, unless an  
 in the ragged regiment of Sir John  
 and factious memory. 'It would,'  
 who relates to me the story, 'have  
 an anchorite, to have seen the  
 tans, marching through the streets  
 take their station on the left of the  
 long coats, some with short coats,  
 at all, in colors as varied as the  
 hair cropped, like the army of  
 with wigs whose ear's flowed with  
 boulders. Their march, their ac-  
 hole arrangement of the troops,  
 onement to the wits of the British  
 of the arts of two centuries ago,  
 upon the whole, exhibited a sight  
 gers that they had been, unacous-  
 and. Among the chief of wits that  
 army, there was a physician  
 the name of Doctor Schackburg,  
 nence of the surgeon, the skill and  
 To please brother Jonathan, he  
 with much gravity recommended it  
 of the most celebrated airs of mar-  
 ck, to the no small amusement of  
 other Jonathan exclaimed it was  
 y days nothing was heard in the  
 air of Yankee Doodle. Little did  
 actors then suppose, that an air  
 vity and ridicule, should ever  
 destinies, in twenty years from  
 match, inspired the hearts of the  
 and less than thirty, Lord Corn-

wallis and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle." (1)

"The British fleet was brot to anchor near Castle William, in Boston Harbor, and the opinion of the visitors to the ships was that the 'Yankey Doodle Song' was the capital piece in the band of their musicians." (2)

"But the musical prologue to the Revolution was played when Lord Percy marched out of Boston to the relief of Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, who were in great stress at Lexington. (3) That surely was the overture to the great drama that was beginning. The Americans immediately appropriated the tune and for a long time it was called 'The Lexington March.'" (4)

"Through the remainder of our Revolution 'Yankee Doodle' was frankly accepted by the Americans as their own. It had been the prelude to the war, it became also its postlude." (5)

"This tune, however, was not original with Dr. Schackburg. He made it from an old song which can be traced back to the reign of Charles I.; a song which has in its day been used for a great variety of words. One of the songs, written in ridicule of the Protector, began with this line: 'The Roundheads and the Cavaliers.'

(1) *Letter to Farmer and Moore's Historical Collection for 1824.*

(2) *New York Journal*, Oct. 13, 1768.

(3) "*History of Lexington*," Hudson, "*American Revolution*," Fiske.

(4) *Louis C. Elson, op. cit.*

(5) *Ibid.*

A  
come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

to the same tune was entitled  
Tories.

come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

A  
come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

and upon the original which we  
Edward Fisher, an A. V. singer and  
New Englander, says she remembers  
a common song, long before the  
invaluable New England song  
customary to sing the tune with  
words such as

come to work,  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

A  
come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

something in this, for we then our  
and boys of Massachusetts had  
some sports. But our version is a  
traveller's and runs thus

come to work,  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

A  
come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

Tories had a song commencing,

come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

A  
come to town  
and to work,  
and to other lands,  
and to Han-ck.

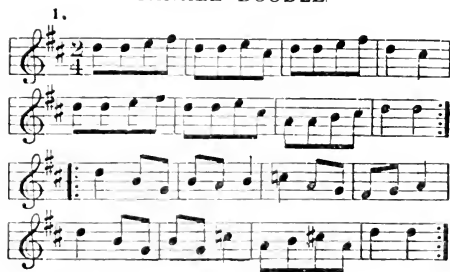
strong resemblance to the ori-  
ginal, the same, with the exception  
Y is substituted. The occurrence  
third line is no less remarkable,  
which are known to exist, which  
the coming of Oliver Cromwell



(on a small horse) into Oxford, with his single plume, which he wore fastened in a sort of knot, which the adherents of the royal party called 'a macaroni' out of derision. What renders the history of this tune the more remarkable is that to this very day the words of 'Lydia Locket,' alias 'Lucy Locket,' are sung to it by school children.

The tune is written in the same time, and has the same number of bars, as Yankee Doodle; and from its close resemblance, together with the identity of the words, we have little doubt but that the latter (Yankee Doodle) was

### YANKEE DOODLE.



*As published in 1782.*

composed as a sort of parody to the more ancient one; and though perhaps first used or adapted as a military air in 1755, as stated above, some other individual than Dr. Schackburg was the author."—(1)

"Some consider it an old vintage song of France; the Spaniards think their vales have echoed to its notes in

(1) "Moore's *Ency. of Music*," Watson's "*Annals of Philadelphia*."



both lines were our general officers. In the midst of them, the beloved Washington was conspicuous, from his great height and beautiful charger, which he managed with inimitable grace. At the moment when the head of the column appeared, all eyes sought Cornwallis, who being detained by indisposition was represented by General O'Hara. The latter either through mistake or determination, offered his sword to General Rochambeau, who by a sign pointed out General Washington, and said that the French army being only auxiliary, it was from the American General that he should receive orders. O'Hara appeared piqued, and advanced towards Washington, who received him with a noble generosity. It was evident to us that the English in their misfortune were especially mortified to be obliged to lay down their arms before Americans, for the officers and soldiers affected to turn their heads towards the French line. Lafayette perceived this, and revenged himself in a very pleasant manner. He ordered the music of the light infantry to strike up 'Yankee Doodle,' an air which the British applied to a song composed to ridicule the Americans,—and which they uniformly sung to all their prisoners. This pleasantry of Lafayette was so bitter to them, that many of them broke their arms in a rage in grounding them on the glacis." (1)

... "Yankee Doodle" has the claim of long association, and will probably always retain a certain degree of a certain kind of favour. But no sane person would ever dream of regarding it as a national hymn. Its words, as all know who have ever heard them, are mere childish burlesque; and its air, if air it must be called, is as comical as its words, and can scarcely be regarded as being properly music." 2

---

(1) "The Surrender of Cornwallis," in "Lafayette in America," by Lavasseur.

(2) "National Hymns: how they are written and how they are not written," by Richard Grant White.

Continued were the later battle songs of the Union. YALOW D. PETERSON adds into an aggregation of sense and sentiment, "The remarkable popularity and power at the time when the American colonists were making the connection between their independence closely link it with the religious and social associations."<sup>1</sup>

## CHURCH

B. B. BROWN, the Yankee disciple of the English psalm-tune, found an opportunity, however, to depart somewhat from what we may call the English mode of psalmody. A great political event, the American Revolution, caused the American colonists to turn away from anything that was British. The innocent complaint was even a part of the momentary patriotic enthusiasm. In 1776, the British tunes were in many places thrown overboard. Billings now became a more original singer. He paraphrased the psalms, changed them into political hymns, or took such liberties as he pleased for the expression of the patriotic sentiment. He adapted one of his lively psalm-tunes to the following words were sung to his tune, *My God, My God*:

My God, my God,  
My God, my God,  
My God, my God,  
My God, my God.

My God, my God,  
My God, my God,  
My God, my God,  
My God, my God.

10

were learned and sung by every  
man, and in the camps of soldiers

<sup>1</sup> See "by C. A. Nicholas Smith,

# CHESTER.

BILLINGS, 1770.

MELODY IN THE TENOR.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/2 time signature. It contains a melody with several measures, including a half note, a quarter note, and a half note, with some measures containing multiple notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a tenor melody, which is the focus of the instruction. It features a series of notes, including a half note, a quarter note, and a half note, with some measures containing multiple notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody from the first system. It also consists of two staves, with the upper staff in treble clef and the lower staff in bass clef. The notation continues with various note values and rests, maintaining the 2/2 time signature and one flat key signature. The system concludes with a double bar line.



“To Anacreon in Heaven, where he sat in full Glee,  
A few sons of Harmony sent a Petition.  
That he their Inspirer and Patron would be;  
When this answer arrived from the jolly old Grecian.  
‘Voice, Fiddle, and Flute,  
No longer be mute,  
I’ll lend you my Name and inspire you to boot.  
And besides, I’ll instruct you like me to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s Vine.’  
(Chorus repeats last two lines.)

“The news through Olympus immediately flew;  
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs.  
‘If these mortals are suffer’d their schemes to pursue,  
The Devil a Goddess will stay above stairs.  
Hark already they cry  
In Transports of Joy,  
Away to the Sons of Anacreon we’ll fly,  
And there with good fellows we’ll learn to intwine  
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus’s Vine.’  
(Chorus.)

“‘The Yellow-haired God and his nine fusty Maids,  
From Helicon’s banks will incontinent flee,  
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,  
And the bi-forked Hill a mere Desart will be.

Mr. H. never had eat on't  
 W. never had eat on't  
 At a dinner I saw swinge the Ringleaders, I war-  
 rant  
 I hope the young dogs, for thus daring to twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

Apollonius said 'Pr'ythee ne'er quarrell,  
 O King of the Gods, with my Vot'ries below;  
 Your quarrell is useless,' then, showing his  
 Head  
 He said 'My terrible Fulmen, you know  
 I'll smite each Head  
 My Thunder will spread  
 And from your Crackers no Mischief shall  
 Be made  
 When sitting in their Club Room, they jovially  
 Twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

Now Mr. H. set up with his risible Pniz,  
 And when with Apollo he'd chearfully join,  
 He said 'Harmony still shall be his,  
 And the Catch, and the Laugh, shall  
 Be his  
 The Joke, the Jealous  
 Or these last, it follows.'

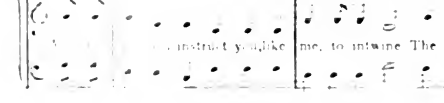
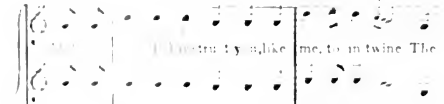
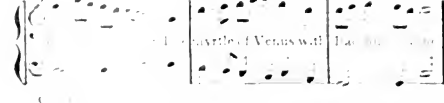
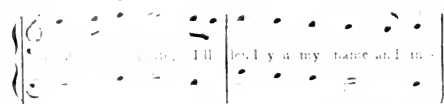
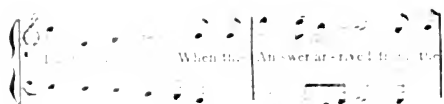


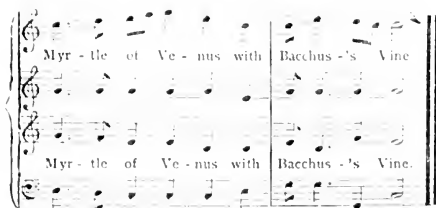
Cry'd Jove— 'We'll relent, since the Truth you  
 now tell us;  
 And swear by Old Styx that they long shall in-  
 twine  
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine.'  
 (Chorus.)

"Ye Sons of Anacreon, then join Hand in Hand;  
 Preserve Unanimity, Friendship, and Love,  
 'Tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd,  
 You've the sanction of Gods and the Fiat of Jove.  
 While thus we agree  
 Our Toast let it be,  
 May our Club flourish happy, united and free.  
 And long may the Sons of Anacreon intwine  
 The Myrtle of Venus and Bacchus's Vine."  
 (Chorus.)

#### THE ORIGINAL MUSIC.





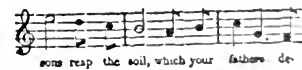
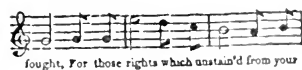
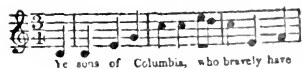


"June 1, 1798, the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society celebrated its anniversary in Boston, with a meeting and banquet. Robert Treat Paine had been commissioned to write a song for this occasion. When first given, it awakened such an enthusiasm that it was immediately published broadcast. Paine received \$750 for the copyright, an enormous sum in those days." (1) Here is the facsimile:

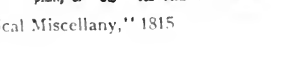
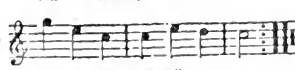
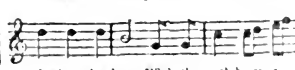
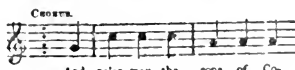
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**ADAMS AND LIBERTY.**

WRITTEN BY R. T. PAINE, ESQ. IN 1798.



196



From "Boston Musical Miscellany," 1815

(1) *Ibid.*

As a song, "The Star-Spangled Banner" was, however, not broad enough for a patriotic hymn. It underwent changes enough to please the Americans were familiar with the tune of the old English drinking song. In 1813 it appeared in a *Patriot's Song Book* in Philadelphia as "Jefferson and Liberty," and on the twenty fifth of March, in the same year, it was sung at a festival in Boston, "in honour of the Rising of the Americans over their French invaders," to new words by Alexander H. Everett.

The above changes may be sufficient to prove that Francis Scott Key must have been absolutely familiar with the melody when he wrote the "Star-Spangled Banner."



FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

THE *Star-Spangled Banner* and the *Star-Spangled Banner* were written by Francis Scott Key, son of John Ross Key, an officer in the Revolutionary Army. He was born Aug. 1, 1779,

and died Jan. 11, 1813. The words were written Sep. 14, 1814, under the following circumstances. After burning Washington, the British advanced towards Baltimore, and were met by a smaller number of Americans, most of whom were captured and taken to the large fleet, then preparing to attack Fort McHenry. Among the prisoners taken at Bladensburg, was a Doctor Beanes, an intimate friend of Mr. Key. Hoping for the Doctor's release, Mr. Key, with a flag of truce, started in a sail-boat for the Admiral's (Cockburn's) vessel. Here he was detained in his boat, moored from the stern of the flag-ship, during the terrible bombardment of twenty-five hours, and at last, seeing the "Star-Spangled Banner" still waving, then, as his fashion was, he snatched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it on a barrel-head, gave vent to his delight in the spirited song which he entitled "The Defense of Fort Mc Henry." "The Star-Spangled Banner" was printed within a week in the Baltimore Patriot, under the title of "The Defense of Fort McHenry," and found its way immediately into the camps of our army. Ferdinand Durang, who belonged to a dramatic company, and had played in a Baltimore theatre with John Howard Payne, read the poem effectively to the soldiers encamped in that city, who were expecting another attack. They begged him to set the words to music, and he hunted up the old air of "Adams and Liberty," set the words to it, and sang it to the soldiers who caught it up amid tremendous applause." (1)

Whenever the spirit of patriotism rises to its divinest height, this song is sure to be present. On the Sunday following the firing on Sumter, the scene in thousands of churches in the North was one which attested the loyalty of our people; and the memory of those stirring times and all which the Sabbath meant to this Union has not grown dim in the passing of a third of a century. When men and women met to worship on that day, they also met

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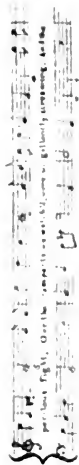
(1) *Johnson: "Our Favorite Songs," Anderson's "History,"*  
*- Nason, et al.*

# THE

## STAR SPANGLED BANNER

AND THE BIRD

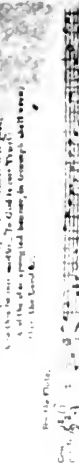
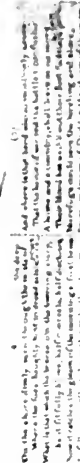
THE BIRD SINGS THE BANNER AND THE BANNER SINGS THE BIRD



THE BIRD SINGS THE BANNER

THE BANNER SINGS THE BIRD

# THE BIRD SINGS THE BANNER



THE BIRD SINGS THE BANNER

THE BANNER SINGS THE BIRD

to vow their allegiance to the flag; and in hundred of churches the pulpits were draped with the Stars and Stripes, and there went up from the hearts, as well as from the lips of the people, the sublime strains of "The Star Spangled Banner."

Just four years after the flag was hauled down at Sumter, there was a memorable gathering at the same fort. It was on the very day Lincoln was assassinated. The selfsame flag, shell-tattered in the bombardment of 61, was to be re-hoisted. Henry Ward Beecher was requested by the United States government to go to Sumter and deliver the oration. It was a day of victory for "Old Glory." After the cannon had given some emphatic expressions of exultant gladness, the flag was uncovered at the base of the staff, and a ripple of applause passed over the multitude, but this was hushed as if by the very breath of God, and the pent-up feelings of the great orator and of the vast concourse broke out in tears and sobs of joy. But when Maj. Anderson hoisted the flag, and it floated beautifully out in the charming breeze of a perfect day, the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and the people gave their patriotic emotions full sway in singing the song of the flag triumphant...

One week after the blowing up of the battleship *Maine*, the orchestra, at Daly's Theatre in New York, had played a few bars of the regular program, when suddenly it changed to "The Star Spangled Banner." The patriotic tune had not proceeded far before there came a tremendous yell. No one knew from whence it came, for it seemed to come from every-where at once. A report of the scene says that the patriotic play-goers forgot their surroundings, and leaping to their feet, cheered in a way that drowned the orchestra. Women waved their fans, handkerchiefs and programs, others joined in the refrain, and finally the whole audience rose and sang the inspiring words until the music ceased; and the soul-stirring scene closed with a mighty shout that fairly shook the walls. It was said that not another such event had been witnessed in any New York theatre since civil war times.....

of the Civil War. The thrilling incidents in the annals of our patriotic song, was that on the morning of that memorable Friday, the 17th of September, 1865, when it was in the Twenty first regulars, as fast falling in blood and death by the hail of Mauser bullets, when the soldiers, in the hour of peril, rescued the flag at a critical moment, and sang "The Star Spangled Banner," which so thrilled the souls of the men, and so inspired them with a new nerve, as if energized by some superhuman power, to stand firm in the hour of battle, and to win the victory that was theirs that day. (S. F. Angelo, 1891)



Wanda by  
Francis Scott  
1871-1940

# The Star-Spangled Banner

A Standard Version of the Melody

Mus. by  
John Stafford Smith  
O. O. Linck  
H. W. L. L.  
H. W. L. L.

1. O—start can you see by the dawn's early light, what so proud by we  
2. O—start can you see by the dawn's early light, what so proud by we  
3. O—start can you see by the dawn's early light, what so proud by we

hail'd the valiant man, who broad and bright stretch'd o'er the peerless  
hail'd the valiant man, who broad and bright stretch'd o'er the peerless  
hail'd the valiant man, who broad and bright stretch'd o'er the peerless

light, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing  
light, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing  
light, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing, the sun-piercing

glare, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding  
glare, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding  
glare, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding, the battle-bleeding

There's a Star-Spangled Banner yet  
There's a Star-Spangled Banner yet  
There's a Star-Spangled Banner yet

free and the brave  
free and the brave  
free and the brave

free and the brave  
free and the brave  
free and the brave



OF CHEER AND PATHOS



## THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH

(HAIL COLUMBIA)

"Hail Columbia" has become the most threadbare of our national songs; it is a representative of a bygone epoch of braggadocio and extreme hyperbole. . . . Yet it remains interesting as a realistic picture of its time. It arose in a manner which in itself would forbid its being an art work of highest class; the cart, in this case, was put before the horse, the music written long before the words, the poetry forced upon the tune afterward.

During the Revolution there was a very tawdry march often played by the American bands, entitled "The Washington March." When Washington was elected the first President of the United States, some musician hit on the idea of composing something better to celebrate the event and for performance on public occasions thenceforward. . . . : "it is definitely known that the composition was written in 1789, and that it was called "The President's March" . . . . .

But "The President's March" would eventually have died a natural death, had it not suddenly received an accession of patriotic words. These words were written by J. Hopkinson, Esq., . . . . . (1)

"It is one of the curiosities of history that the first American song of a national character was written for

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(1) Louis C. Elson; op cit.



ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both; to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time, on that question. The theatre was then open in our City. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was good as a singer, was about to take his benefit, I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was, that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," (then the popular air), he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of the march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the season, the song being encoored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States. The object of the author was to get up an American spirit, which should be independent of and above the interests, passions and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to which was

the poet in 1812. In its treatment of us—Of course the  
 —both parties, at least neither could  
 —It was truly Ameri—  
 and the patriotic feelings of every  
 American were united to it. Such is the history of  
 the march which I performed infinitely beyond the expec—  
 —and beyond any merit it can boast  
 —exclusively patriotic in its sentiments  
 and style.



Sung by Mr. Fox

Written by J. HOPKINSON Esq.

For the Violon, Piano, Flute, Guitar and Clarinet.

Music

HISTORICAL





2  
Immortal Patriots rise once more  
Defend your rights—defend your shore  
Let no rude foe with impious hand  
Let no rude foe with impious hand  
Invade the Shrine where sacred lies  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize  
While offering peace sincere and just  
In heav'n we place a sacred trust  
That truth and justice will prevail  
And every scheme of bondage fail  
Firm—united &c

3  
Soon found the tramp of fame  
Let Washington's great name  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause  
Ring thro' the world with loud applause  
Let every clime to Freedom dear  
Vibrate with a joyful ear—  
With equal skill with godlike power  
He governs in the fearful hour  
Of horrid war or guides with care  
The happier times of honest peace—  
Firm—united &c

4  
Behold the Chief who now commands  
Once more to serve his Country stands  
The rock on which the storm will beat  
The rock on which the storm will beat  
But stand in virtue firm and true  
His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you—  
When hope was sinking in dismay  
When glooms obscured Columbus' day  
His steady mind from changes free  
Resolved on Death or Liberty—  
Firm—united &c

For the FLUTE or VIOLIN



## MOUNT VERNON

Stephen Jenks, composer of *Mount Vernon* and *Evening Shade*, was born in Gloucester, Providence County, R. I., March, 17, 1772; moved to Ellington, Conn., in 1775. He married Hannah Dauchy, of Ridgefield, Conn. From 1800 to 1810 he spent most of his time in teaching and composing. He taught in Connecticut and New Hampshire. He lived with his second wife Abigail Ross in Providence, R. I., whence he removed to Thompson, Ohio, on September 27, 1827; there he purchased a farm, taught music, and manufactured drums and tambourines. He published eight collections of psalmody. His daughter records of him that he was a true lover of music, and was

of 1800 or trailing line. His most now called *Bartram's*, composed in 1800, and *Herod* (1800) are also his. 4

W. A. (1800) composed on the death of Gen. W. A. (1800) 48.

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## HOME SWEET HOME

"Home Sweet Home" is one of the chief home songs. It may also claim its companion "Home, Sweet Home," widely known as an American song. The words belong to our country. "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard (1800) words, was born at New York. It is entirely proper to claim "Home, Sweet Home" as a home song, but we may be in error regarding it. It was a song of "Clara, the Maid of Malin," 1800 and in 1823. The music was arranged, by Henry R. Bishop, 1800. The play, carried around 1800, which brings the betrayed and other kindred. "Home, Sweet Home" is a song of 1800 editions of this work, the

tune is distinctly marked "A *Sicilian Air*," and it is hardly probable that Bishop would not have acknowledged it, had he composed the now world-famous melody. He lived thirty-three years after the performance of "Clari," yet never proved his composership of this particular tune, which had meanwhile become celebrated beyond any work that he had written. The play containing the song was first performed at Covent Garden, May 8, 1823, and



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

November 12<sup>th</sup>, of the same year it was first heard in New York, Mrs. Holman being the first to sing the melody in America. (1)

Payne wrote the loveliest home-song the world ever sang, "Home, Sweet Home," but not after the age of thirteen, when his mother died, did he know what it was

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(1) LOUIS C. ELSON, *op. cit.*

the name of London  
in the mind of the Man  
in the street, and the name of  
London is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London  
is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London

used his strange life on the distant  
main. "It was in this  
Mind of Milan," that one song was  
heart of London and of the world,  
body is everywhere familiar, and  
pathos invests with affectionate  
John Howard Payne

the name of London  
in the mind of the Man  
in the street, and the name of  
London is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London  
is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London  
is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London

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in the mind of the Man  
in the street, and the name of  
London is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London  
is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London  
is everywhere familiar,  
and the name of London

Sweet Home," a husband, and a mansion filled with plenty; while the writer of the song was in a lonely and almost hopeless struggle with pinching want. It is claimed that he not only lost the £25 which was to have been paid him for the copyright on the twentieth performance of the "Maid of Milan," but was not even complimented with a copy of his own song by the publishers. (1)



## CIVIL WAR PERIOD

*"Thou too sail, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shapped the anchors of thy hope!  
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
'T is of the wave and not the rock;  
'T is but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee!  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,— are all with thee!"*

LUNGFELLOW, *"The Building of the Ship"*





OF WAR



## MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Among the songs of the Union which have a living popularity there is none more deeply cherished than Henry C. Work's remarkable song, "Marching Through Georgia." It came into being to commemorate one of the most striking episodes of the war, the famous march of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. It was a song, of the last grand effort of the war of the Rebellion, and from the first it had a powerful influence in reviving hope and courage during the closing days of 1864.....

Henry C. Work was nine years old when his father was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment for bestowing charity upon the fugitives. Henry had vivid remembrances of his father's persecution, and had an ardent desire to render some service in the cause of the Union, and Dr. Root encouraged him to write songs for the boys who were strong enough to fight, and his war pieces became a marvelous power in the army.....

Mr. Work wrote some splendid army songs, but his reputation will rest on

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys,  
We'll sing another song;  
Sing it with the spirit  
That will start the world along;  
Sing it as we used to sing it,  
Fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

We bring the "bible,"  
 The flag that makes you free;  
 From Atlanta to the sea,  
 Passing through Georgia  
 And  
 On the joyful march,  
 A necessary found,  
 From the ground  
 Passing through Georgia  
 The Union men  
 On joyful tears,  
 On honored flag  
 A season for years,  
 A restrained  
 A forth in cheers,  
 Passing through Georgia  
 The Yankee boys  
 On the coast,  
 A march,  
 On the host,  
 A march,  
 On the host,  
 Passing through Georgia  
 A light  
 On the train,  
 A light,  
 On the main,  
 A light,  
 On the main  
 Passing through Georgia

I had not enthusiasm in this war time  
 It was thirty-four years ago. A  
 boy living in the backwoods of  
 a town with other members of the  
 class. He had borne the burden  
 of the civil war, and the hard  
 years were telling upon him.  
 When the strain became too severe

for the old soldier. His step was uncertain, and he could hardly keep up with the others. Finally the commander said to him:

"Say, Tom, keep step; you are throwing out the whole line." "Cap, how kin a feller keep step leading the line with one of the popular airs of the day. "Why don't they play something like this?" and he hummed, in a



HENRY C. WORK

voice husky and scratchy and out of tune, a strain from "Marching Through Georgia." The captain laughed and turned away, and the introductory notes of the next piece caused the old fellow to straighten up. His endgel waved about like the baton of a drummajor, and a little later a thousand feet were coming down as one; the fatigue of the march was forgotten, and a thousand voices were joined in the rousing chorus. (1)

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(1) COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, *op. cit.*

## THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

THE following is the story of the song stripped of all its associations, and sent to Mr. Kittredge, requesting the author to be credited with its birth, and on the 2d of May, 1870, to come from his home at Reed's Ferry, N. H.



MR. KITTRIDGE.

THE following is the story of the song stripped of all its associations, and sent to Mr. Kittredge, requesting the author to be credited with its birth, and on the 2d of May, 1870, to come from his home at Reed's Ferry, N. H.

For a little history of "Tenting on the Old Camp-Grounds and Music at the same," I am going to go down South to join the "Tenting Society," something to sing for them, as I have been singing for a few years before. I was singing in tears, thinking of my wife who was not accepted when examined by the "Tenting Society," my part better to sing for Uncle Sam's Army for Liberty and Union. The song was published by Ditson, Boston,

WALTER K. KITTRIDGE.

Mr. Kittredge was born in Merrimac, N. H., in 1832. At the age of twenty he began to give ballad concerts, and four years later he sang with Joshua Hutchinson, of the noted Hutchinson family. After the war broke out in 1861, he compiled a "Union Song Book," which was only a moderate success. His only composition which had merit enough to keep it alive is "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." Like many other singers, Kittredge is a "poet" of one song only, and his fame rests solely upon the product of a sudden "inspiration"—if that term is permissible in this connection.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" is not an animating battle piece, of course, but is peculiarly touching in sentiment and plaintive in melody; and many thousands of soldiers, in the monotony of camp life and on weary marches, when thoughts of home burdened the mind, found relief in its pathetic tones and in the delightful harmony of the chorus. Such a song has a powerful hold upon human feelings. It touches the better part of our natures, and "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," though not a song that has made exciting history, will be long and affectionately associated with the patriotic struggle for liberty and Union. (1)

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(1) COL. NICHOLAS SMITH, *op. cit.*





## "MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!"

James Russell Lowell pronounced "Maryland, My Maryland," the finest poem (not a song) which the civil war produced. Some may regard this as too high praise, but the fact remains that it is one of the most refined and artistic poetical productions of the war between the states, and has given lasting fame to its author—James Ryder Randall. (1)

Here is the poem in full:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,  
Maryland!

His touch is at thy temple door,  
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore  
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,  
And be the battle queen of yore,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to thy wandering son's appeal,  
Maryland!

My mother state! To thee I kneel,  
Maryland!

For life and death, for woe and weal,  
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,  
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,  
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cover in the dust,  
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,  
Maryland!

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(1) Born in Baltimore on the first day of 1839.



H. Newell Martin, the distinguished biologist and author at John Hopkins University. Miss Cary's home was the gathering place of many Baltimore sympathizers with the cause of the South, and it was for the purpose of considering the ways and means of assisting the Confederacy that the club held the meeting which became so memorable in its results. Miss Cary had read "Maryland, My



JAMES R. RANDALL

Maryland" in the papers, (April 1861), and when her sister, Miss Jenny, who had charge of the program, searched hopelessly for something to sing which would encourage and fire the Southern heart, Miss Hetty began to recite the poem in a tone earnest and eloquent, when her sister exclaimed: "Lauriger Horatius," and in a few moments the burning words had found their mate and that night, "Maryland, My Maryland!"—to use an expression of Alexander H. Stephens, the Confederate vice-president—became "the Marseillaise of the Confederacy."

“Lied No. 90. ‘Hoch auf!’ is said to be a German composition, and it is *now* much had been popular as a college tune.” (1)

“Hoch auf!” a cheerful German student melody, “O Tannenbaum,” was seized upon for “Maryland, My Maryland,” and in 1862 to the fiery words of James Ryder Rusk. “The song was too good to be lost by either side, and it became the Southern setting. Northern versions followed, and the old German praise of friendship and peace gave way to song of war on both sides of Mason and Dixon.” (2)

## DIXIE LAND

".....'Dixie Land,' which is really the proper name of the song, was written by Emmett in 1859, while he was a member of the celebrated 'Bryant's Minstrels,' which then held forth at No. 472 Broadway, in New York City. (1) His engagement with them was to the effect that he should hold himself in readiness to compose for them a new 'walk-around' whenever called upon to do so, and to sing the same at the close of their performance. The circumstances attending the composition of 'Dixie' are interesting: One Saturday night after a performance Mr. Emmett left the hall and was proceeding homeward when he was overtaken by Jerry Bryant and asked to make a 'hooray' and bring it to the rehearsal Monday morning. Mr. Emmett replied that it was a short time in which to make a good one, but that he would do his best to please Mr. Bryant. He composed the 'walk-around' next day, Sunday, and took it to rehearsal Monday morning, music and words complete. The tune and words of 'Dixie' as now sung are Mr. Emmett's exactly as he then wrote them. At times different aspirants for its authorship have been cut short in their attempts to lay claim to it by the timely interference of friends of the composer."

The following is the full text of the original song:

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(1) Daniel D. Emmett, born in Mount Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815.

25 I think you almost forgotten  
 26  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$   
 27  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal),  
 28  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

29

30  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$   
 31  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$   
 32  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

33  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal),  
 34  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal),  
 35  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal),

36  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

37  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

38  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

39  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

40  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

41  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

42  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

43  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

44  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

45  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

46  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

47  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

48  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$

49  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

50  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

51  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

52  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

53  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

54  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

55  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

56  $\frac{D(x)}{D(y)} = \frac{1}{2}$  (very normal), (very normal),

upon. 'Dixie' was suggested and tried, and all were so enthusiastic over it that it was at once adopted and given in the performance. Immediately it was taken up by the populace, and sung in the streets, in homes and concerts halls daily. It was taken to the battlefields and there established as the Southern Confederate war song. When asked what suggested the words and tune of 'Dixie,' Mr



DANIEL D. EMMETT

Emmett said that when the cold wintry days of the North set in, all minstrels had a great desire to go to 'Dixie's land' to escape the hardships and cold. On a cold day a common saying was, as Mr Emmett expresses it, 'O! I wish I was in Dixie's land,' and with this as a key he concluded with the words as given above. The tune of "Dixie" was composed in much the same way; one bar of music set the key for the immortal 'Dixie' ". . . . . " ". . . . . Em-

seventy years old, but he is a 'young old' man. He does not impress one as that of a young man. Unfortunately for him, his lot in life is such that, being unable to work, he derives a very small income. He is practically forsaken, as well as forsaking the world. I know that he is the man who wrote the songs, moved millions of hearts, and won many battles. He is a prophet. But this is all. Thousands who know the famous song, know not the name of the man. He has all intents and purposes, he is forgotten. He is sadder still, he carries the hard burden of a knowledge of the service it rendered. Practically, his only present return is the knowledge of the service it rendered. Yet it seems to me that this man is largely overlooked by the nation which he has so long served.

They are carrying their shoulders as much as they can. And I think that our great leaders may state that 'Dixie' is not forgotten. But it remains that 'Dixie' was a great melody, and remains a favourite in the field, and remains a favourite in the home. Abraham Lincoln loved the tune, and our soldiers enjoyed its measures, even the enemy to them. It was one of the melodies that sprang from the heart of the South, written as a picture of peace and beauty, and thoroughly representative of the South. It is a melody, and a melody, which is a matter than a severe adherence to the letter, or rigid harmony." 2

It is a melody, more than a jig, as the South called it, but there is in it that

which is a melody, more than a jig, as the South called it, but there is in it that

which is a melody, more than a jig, as the South called it, but there is in it that



indefinable quality that made it alluring from the commencement of its career. And in the war with Spain, in far off Manila, in the battles around Santiago, in the camps in Porto Rico, in marches by land, in travels by sea, the soldiers were cheered by the strains of 'Dixie'. Its beginning was in the minstrel show, it was dedicated as a battle song in the great uprising of the South, and in its last estate it has a place among the enduring music of the Union." (1)

(1) COL. N. SMITH, *op. cit.*



OF CHEER AND PATHOS



## DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE

I've often heard it said of late,  
Dat Souf Ca'lina was the State  
Whar handsome nigga's bound to shine  
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so,  
I'm de best looking nigga in the county oh,  
I look in de glass, and I found it so,  
Just as massa tell me, oh.

I drest myself from top to toe,  
And down to Dinah I did go,  
Wid pantaloons strapped down behind,  
Like Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so, etc.

De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard,  
I tought I'd better leabe my card,  
I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,  
Signed "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

For my ole massa tole me so, etc.

She got my card, and wrote me a letter,  
And chery word she spelt de better,  
For chery word and chery line,  
Was Dandy Jim of Caroline.

For my ole massa tole me so, etc.



## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

### AND

## OLD FOLKS AT HOME

It is curious to observe the American white man, on the whole indifferent as to the creation of original songs, imitating and appropriating the melodic forms and tonal characteristics of the songs of the colored slave. But not alone are the forms of the melodic material of the slave-songs to be found in the "negro-minstrel" ballads: we also find the quaint, fantastic, often grotesque forms of speech of those songs imitated by the white composer in order to give his ballad a certain *couleur locale*, and to make it more attractive. These ballads have become very popular, especially as sung on the stage of that peculiarly American institution, the negro minstrel performance, and have absorbed the talent of many American ballad-composers; among whom the genial *Stephen C. Foster* was undoubtedly the most naturally gifted and most successful.

The great-grandfather of Foster — Alexander Foster — came to America from Londonderry, in North Ireland, about the year 1825. The father of our ballad-composer was a man of culture, and well known for his generosity and hospitality. He performed with taste and feeling upon the violin, but never played much, and then only for the amusement of his children. He built himself a handsome residence near Pittsburg, overlooking the

A YORK REPORT it was here that Stephen Collins Foster was born on May 1, 1826, while the cannon at the ARMY HEADQUARTERS gave the salute in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. The FOUNDING FATHERS of S. Foster—Eliza Clayland Toulmin and John Toulmin—lived on the eastern shore of Maryland, where they were among the Claylands, had lived since the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE of the State by the English. Mrs. Foster was a woman of great superior intellect and culture, and a POETIC FANCY of poetic fancy. Stephen C. Foster was born in 1826 in Athens Academy in the northern part of Pennsylvania. In 1841 he went to Jefferson, Ohio, where he lived for 10 years. But he never liked the restraints of the school, and most of his accomplishments he acquired at home. He was a great student, and taught himself to read and German, and was a tolerably good pianist. He read constantly over the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. He had from childhood been a musician, and at the age of seven years he learned, at school, to play on the flageolet. But it was at Athens that his first original composition was performed, a MUSIC COMPOSITION changed for four flutes. In 1842 he wrote his first finished song, "Open thy Lattice, Love," which, in the opinion of this song, he nearly always REMEMBERED THE MUSIC OF HIS BALLADS. In 1845-46 he wrote the songs "The Louisiana Belle," "Old Uncle Ned," and "O.S.," and after his brother and a party of young men who were on a week at his father's house, to perfect him in the matter his instruction, and who had been to the WEST AND HAD THE BALLADS then in vogue.

The first songs he wrote were "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Dutch Day," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Go to the A.," "Willie, we have missed you," "I cannot get you out of my mind," "Come where my Love has been," "I see her still in my dreams," "Old Black and White," "Boone Boyne" (from which the air of "John Brown" was afterwards taken), "Laura Lee," and about a hundred and fifty others. Most of these songs became immensely popular all over the



country. His last song was "Beautiful Dreamer." He died in New York, on the 13th of January, 1864. He was staying at the American Hotel, and was attacked with ague and fever. In attempting to dress himself when too weak to do so, he swooned and fell, striking the wash-water pitcher, which cut one of the small arteries in the side of his face. He lost so much blood that he died three days afterwards. He is buried in the "Alleghany Cemetery" at Pittsburg, beside his father and mother, and not far from the spot where he was born. A plain tombstone marks his grave.

Foster was of a gentle, sweet temper, and full of feeling. His love and devotion to this father and mother were conspicuous traits of his character, and when they died his grief was sad to behold. He never could speak of his mother, after her death, without shedding tears. All these natural, noble, and refined qualities made Foster the sweet singer of so many pure songs. His ballads are, with regard to melodic and harmonic treatment, very *naïve* and simple; tonic, dominant, and subdominant are all the harmonic material upon which they rest. But beyond this natural simplicity, a genuinely sweet and extremely pleasing (though at times a little too sentimental) expression is to be found; and a good deal of originality in melodic inventiveness belongs to the Foster ballad, though in some of his later ballads, after he had reached great popularity, the composer often repeated himself. The harmonic accompaniment, for pianoforte or guitar, is extremely simple; but simplicity is here in place; a richer harmonic setting would have interfered with the natural simplicity of these songs. Foster's ballads reflect a gentle, refined spirit; they are the old psalm-tunes idealized and transplanted into their real secular sphere, with a certain Irish strain of pathos superadded. The composer of "Old Dog Tray," "Old Kentucky Home," etc., said *naïrely* and gently what he had to say, without false pretension or bombastic phrases; but his sweet sayings touch the heart and remain in the memory. Numerous were the imitators of his peculiar

“The songs of the past,” he confessed, “expressed Foster’s natural aesthetic taste and, therefore, they may be called the American people’s songs.” — 1

His song “The Old Folks at Home” must be considered “The Old Folks at Home.” “We’ve down upon de Swanano Ribber,” it is known as, and 2,000,000 copies were sold. A more sentimental song, and its memories has never been forgotten. “We are the music men” who finds it “too simple” for the “big” “big” “big” strap, far from tone, dominant, and subdominant, and its richer musical treatment would, without doubt, have spoiled Foster’s heart songs. — 2

## SECOND PART



## MODERN PERIOD

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*In the ninth century Iceland was the musical center of the world; students went there from all Europe as to an artistic Mecca. Iceland has long lost her musical crown. And Welsh music in its turn has ceased to be the chief on earth. Russia is sending up a strong and growing harmony marred with much discord. Some visionaries look to her for the new song. But I do not hesitate to match against the serfs of the steppes the high-hearted, electric-minded free people of our prairies; and to prophesy that in the coming century the musical supremacy and inspiration of the world will rest here overseas, in America.*

RUPERT HUGHES



OF ART AND EVOCATION





VAN DER STUCKEN. (Frank V.)

(1858)

Born Oct. 15, 1858, Fredericksburg (Texas), whence, however, his parents went to Antwerp about 1868, where he became a pupil of Benoit. He travelled, from 1879-80,



FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN

in Germany, Italy, and France, was theatre capellmeister at Breslau 1881-82, lived with Grieg at Rudolstadt 1883, and had his own compositions performed at Weimar under Liszt's auspices. In 1884 V. d. S. undertook the direction

of 240, 000 copies. Arion, at New York. Of course, there should be mentioned the opera Verdi wrote for Shakespeare's *Tempest*, overture to an opera by Liszt, Debussy, and other choral and orchestral and pop pieces.

There is one other man, who is certainly one of the greatest composers of his time, is bringing out a new record, "Old musical prestige." As a composer, Alexander Struckn shows the same originality and power. He is characterized him as an organizer. His program of the *sonata Vlasda* (op. 9) is one long rapture of music, a perfect, superbly instrumented. Of Alexander Struckn's songs I have seen two groups, the first group of songs are lyrics by Rachert. "They are written in the best modern *Lied* style, and are quite excellent." It is always the unexpected that happens, and the unexpected thing almost always proves to be excellent. Without any sense of strain or bombast he produces a perfect song; without eccentricity he is individual. His songs are truly interpreters of the words.

## THE FURNISHED NATIVE SONGS

The study of the Afro American songs has been made by many, but no musical savant has yet come to the study of their two most obvious elements only. The composers and dance makers, who create them. These elements are the melody and the rhythm, which comes from the initial source of the song, to the bulk of them, the *snaps* or *claps*. The melody form lies at the basis of the song, the frequent use of the five tone or *pentatonic* scale, but there is much more that is char-

raeteristic in this body of melody, and this *more* has been neglected because it has not been uncovered to the artistic world. There has been no study of it outside of the author's introduction to the subject printed years ago and a few comments, called forth by transient phenomena, in the "Tribune" newspaper in the course of the last generation. This does not mean that the world has kept silent on the subject. On the contrary, there has been anything but a dearth of newspaper and platform talk about songs which the negroes sang in America when they were slaves, but most of it has revolved around the questions whether or not the songs were original creations of these native blacks, whether or not they were entitled to be called American and whether or not they were worthy of consideration as foundation elements for a school of American composition.

The greater part of what has been written was the result of an agitation which followed Dr. Antonin Dvorak's efforts to direct the attention of American Composers to the beauty and efficiency of the material which these melodies contained for treatment in the higher artistic forms. Dr. Dvorak's method was eminently practical; he composed a symphony, string quartet and string quintet in which he utilized characteristic elements which he had discovered in the songs of the negroes which had come to his notice while he was a resident of New York. To the symphony he gave a title—"From the New World"—which measurably disclosed his purpose; concerning the source of his inspiration for the chamber compositions he said nothing, leaving it to be discovered, as it easily was, from the spirit, or feeling, of the music and the character of its melodic and rhythmic idioms. The eminent composer's aims, as well as his deed, were widely misunderstood at the time, and, for that matter, still are. They called out a clamor from one class of critics which disclosed nothing so much as their want of intelligent discrimination unless it was their ungenerous and illiberal attitude toward a body of American citizens to whom at the least must be credited the creation of a



music affords into their inner life, a noble religious feeling, not remotely akin to the central idea of Christianity, and expressed in music some of which is worthy of comparison with the best we ourselves possess, and incomparably superior to our worst in the same field." (1)

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CADMAN (Charles Wakefield)

(1881)

This American composer has won unusual success with his songs, which are distinguished for attractiveness of melody, artistic style and originality.



CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

Born in Johnstown, Pa. December 24, 1881, moved to Pittsburg 1884; musical education under Pittsburg teachers, Walker, Steiner, Oehmler, and Von Kunits, with

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(1) "*A Study of Indian Music*", by JOHN C. FILLMORE.

1845, and 1890-1901, from Emil Paur; first published about 1870 in popular style, in 1898, became interesting to the study of the American Indians and spent considerable time among them, securing material for use in 1900, in a lecture recital, "American Indian Music." The pastor of St. East Liberty Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh, and of "Pittsburg Dispatch;" contributor to many musical journals. Published works include "The American Song Book," male voices; "Four American Folk Songs," male voices; cycles "The Morning of the Year" (1888), "The Evening of the Year" (1889), "Three Moods for Orchestra", organ and orchestra; songs, an opera, "Shanewis", and piano recital. Resided in Denver.

For the collection of these notes has the honor of being the first to collect and publish Cadman's works in Cuba.

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#### ALFONSO DOWELL — Edward A.

1861-1908

Pianist, composer of universal fame, born New York, December 15, died in said city January 24, 1908. His father, Samuel, was J. Buitrage; P. Desvergne, a Cuban, was his mother and Secretary of State of the Cuban Republic; Teresa Carreño. Studied from 1876, at Boston, under Marmontel (piano) and Savard (composition); 1879, at Frankfort, under Heymann (composition). From 1881 to 1882 he studied piano at Darmstadt Conservatory; 1882-1883, at Leipzig, where his studies of Raff and Liszt gained a hearing. He was the principal festival of the "Allgemeiner Musikverein" in Leipzig; he then lived in Wiesbaden and Bonn. 1888-1890, in Mass., and in 1896 was appointed professor of piano at Columbia University, New York. Professor Dowell conferred on him the honorable title of Doctor of Music. Impossible to mention his numerous compositions for orchestra and the voice in all of which

he shines as a composer of a very strong individuality. His demise was a national loss.

“Mac Dowell is to day an artistic figure of commanding stature—a musical creator who has brought to an impressive development a singular gift of beautiful and



EDWARD MAC DOWELL

forceful utterance. He is a poet among musicians, and an authentic genius.” (1)

“What distinguishes this young composer at once from most of his colleagues is the originality and imaginativeness of his work. Considering that he obtained his musical education chiefly in France and Germany, his compositions are, remarkably free from definite foreign influences, except such traits as belong to music the world

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(1) LAWRENCE GILMAN, “*Edward A. Mac Dowell*,”

1867-80) some of them will doubtless mark the beginning of a new American school of music, which, like American literature, will combine the best foreign traits with features indigenous to our soil." 1

For artistic breadth and, in a measure, the methods of Ralph Mr. Mac Dowell accepted and since practised with the ardour of a disciple, but with an exhibition of originality and invention that has concentrated on him a large share of the attention which music composed by native-American musicians has attracted of late"..... "In orchestration Mr. Mac Dowell is a master; few palettes equal his, other than that from which he extracted the colours for his orchestral suite (op. 42) in A minor"..... Mr. Mac Dowell has accomplished what I am inclined to regard as the finest work in their province done in America, his two pianoforte concertos (No. 1 in A minor, No. 2 in D minor)..... his most popular work remains his *Symphony Opus 41*, which has been heard not only in the principal American cities, but also in Darmstadt, Weimar, Baden Baden, Sondershausen, Frankfurt, Bressau, Weimar and Meiningen." 2

D. KOVRS., Reginald

(1859)

Born in Middletown, Conn., April 3, 1859. Educated at Yale Univ. in 1879 taking his degree at St. John's Coll., Oxford, England, in 1879. Before this he studied piano some special at Stuttgart, and after graduation studied there a further year under Lebert, piano, and Pruckner composition. After a six month's course in Frankfurt

<sup>1</sup> "The American Composer," in "Century Dictionary," 1891.

<sup>2</sup> "The American Composer," *ibid.*



under Dr. Hauff, (composition), he studied singing with Vannuccini at Florence, Italy, and operatic composition under Genée, in Vienna, and Delibes, in Paris. He resides now in New York. His works for the stage have been very successful, but his songs are masterworks that should not be forgotten.

“The best-abused composer in America is doubtless Reginald De Koven. His great popularity has attracted the search-light of minute criticism to him, and his accom-



REGINALD DE KOVEN

plishments are such as do not well endure the fierce white light that beats upon the throne. The sin of over-vivid reminiscence is the one most persistently imputed to him, and not without cause. While I see no reason to accuse him of deliberate imitation, I think he is a little too loth to excise from his music those things of his that prove on consideration to have been said or sung before him. . . .”

“But ah, if De Koven were the only composer whose eraser does not evict all that his memory install! . . . .”

“De Koven has been chief purveyor of comic opera to his

generations, and could ideal a work as *Robin Hood*, and such numerous constructions as parts of his other operas (*Don Quixote*, *The Fighting Master*, *The Highwayman*), for instance, we ought to be grateful, especially as his music is free of all manner of a certain elegance and freedom from vulgarity. — J.

## Sousa — John P.

(1856)

This popular bandmaster and composer of world-wide reputation was born at Washington, D. C. November 6, 1856, pupil of John Espy, and George F. Benkert,



**Harmony and composition.** From the age of 17, orchestra conductor of travelling theatrical troupes; played the violin in churches' orchestra (1877); was musical director of the Philadelphia church choir "Pinafore Company"; and in 1880 was appointed leader of the band of the United States Marine Corps, serving until August 1, 1892, when he resigned, and organized a band of his

THE ROSS BAND COMPANY.

own, which has given concerts through almost the whole world. Has written several comic operas, symphonic poems, suites etc., but is better known as the "March King", for his military marches are without rival. Sousa is at present training musicians for the government of the United States.

"The individuality of the Sousa march is this, that, unlike most of the other influential marches, it is not so much a musical exhortation from without, as a distillation of the essences of soldiering from within", . . . . . And so his band music expresses all the nuances of the military psychology: the exhilaration of the long unisonal stride, the grip on the musket, the pride in the regimentals and the régiment,—*esprit de corps*. He expresses the inevitable foppery of the severest soldier, the tease and the taunt of the evolutions, the fierce wish that all this plying and deploying were in the face of an actual enemy, the mania to reek upon a tangible foe all the joyous energy, the bloodthirst of the warrior. These things Sousa embodies in his music as no other music writer ever has", . . . . . "He is not to be judged by the piano versions of his works, because they are not *klaviermaessig*," (1)

" . . . . . America, which can boast of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Dixie", has been making a very striking collection of marches during the past two decades, thanks largely to the rhythmic and inspiring strains of Sousa, who perhaps has made more pulses tingle and steps beat time than any other manufacturer of martial music. Possibly he has not succeeded in writing anything quite so inspired and inspiring as the "Marche Lorraine," or the "Sambre et Meuse," the irresistible élan of which the great Joffré himself has said stimulated his men to do

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(1) HUGHES, *op. cit.*



### THIRD PART



## CONTEMPORARY PERIOD

*"The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury. Music now more than ever before is a present national need. There is no better way to express patriotism than through music."*

WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.





OF WAR FOR UNIVERSAL FREEDOM





## STAND, STAND UP, AMERICA!

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Stand, stand up, America!  
Thou land of freedom, let thy children now arise!  
Lift, lift up the banner bright,  
Thy starry banner, let it blaze against the skies!  
March, march forward to victory!  
March all, young and hoary,  
Strike, strike for the right!  
God over all!  
"Onward!" the call!  
Under Old Glory!

---

Go, go forth, America!  
Thy flaming beacon light of liberty hold high!  
Go, shed wide its rays serene,  
In ev'ry land lift human rights, nor let them die!  
March, march etc.

---

Stand, stand fast America!  
Full armed with justice, take thy place and face the foe!  
Stand fearless, invincible!  
With courage conquer, and in honor onward go!  
March, march etc.

---

EDWARD HORSMAN.

---

## To Victory

Now we are going to take the flag  
Across the rolling seas;  
Our stars shall shine above the Rhine,  
Our stripes rejoice the breeze.

100 *They* are doing to show the Hans,  
 101 showing the Yanks how  
 102 to break their line,  
 103 to the Rhine,  
 104 then to Germany  
 105 to kill boys and cheer (come),  
 106 together now, once more,  
 107 to show the world as free  
 108 to show the world  
 109 that boys and cheer again,  
 110 to the Rhine, to the Rhine,  
 111 to show all those old Berbers there,  
 112 that stars still lead the way

LEADER: We see M. Viergeux

113

THE AMERICANS CHORUS

*Lead us on, You* . . .

114                   What is this, this ringing, rattling sound?  
 115                   We hear my little boys and girls  
 116                   cheering my boy to the German line  
 117                   And we hear the noise of the strutting  
 118                   to show the Germans the strangling foot  
 119                   to show the world that we are free  
 120                   We want to be that free again, great  
 121                   to show the world that we are free  
 122                   to show the world that we are free  
 123                   to show the world that we are free  
 124                   to show the world that we are free  
 125                   to show the world that we are free  
 126                   to show the world that we are free  
 127                   to show the world that we are free  
 128                   to show the world that we are free  
 129                   to show the world that we are free  
 130                   to show the world that we are free

LEADER: A. W. C. C.

131

## THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,  
Days are very long  
I'm agrowing weary only  
Lost'ning for your song.

Old remembrances are thronging  
Thro'my memory,  
Till it seems the world is full of dreams  
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a winding  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing  
And a white moon beams!

There's a long, long night of waiting  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling,  
Calling sweet and low;  
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,  
Ev'ry where I go.

Tho' the road between us stretches  
Many a weary mile  
I forget that you're not with me yet,  
When I think I see you smile.

There's a long, long trail etc.

STODDARD KING.

## WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

There's a happy time coming when the boys come home;  
There's a glorious day coming when the boys come home;  
We will end the dreadful story  
Of the battle dark and gory  
In a sunburst of glory.

When the boys come home,

The day will seem brighter when the boys come home,  
And our hearts will be lighter when the boys come home;  
Wives and sweethearts will press them



around the globe have been such gems as "Tipperary" and the ironical "I Want to Go Home":

I don't want to go to the trenches no more  
Where there are bullets and shrapnel galore,  
I want to go home.

When the novelist Winston Churchill cast about to recall what has most thrilled him here he decided it was the Hippedrome crowd singing Cohen's classic lines, "Send the word, send the word over there; we'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't come back 'till it's over, over there." Even the Germans marched through Brussels whistling "Every Little Movement." The dignified and excellent war songs that have been written have had comparatively little popularity. Sousa writes a good march dedicated to the shipbuilders, and we hum ragtime; good poetry goes unaccompanied, while we sing doggerel by Harry Lauder.

Yet we must not sneer at what the song writers produce simply because they do it crudely; what catches the popular fancy may do it for superficial reasons, but the reasons are worth analysis. Any one who wishes to gauge the sentiment of the day may learn as much of one aspect by looking over a popular music counter as of another by reading the Congressional Record. These are the songs that decorate training camp pianos and the pianos of sisters of the recruits. It may seem painful that while Mrs. Hemans' "Pilgrims" made the coast resound with hymns, the shipwrecked destroyer crew instinctively broke into "O boys! O boys! Where do we go from here?" Yet there is no little feeling for current history in "O Boys," which celebrates the recruit who, when his squad has marched 100 miles and his companions were tired, simply asked where they went next. There are other songs of indomitable recruits, from "Everyone Was Out of Step But Jim" to "Uncle Sam Is Calling Me" and "I'm Going to Follow the Boys." Those who wish to know how our soldiers feel may gather it in part from such ditties as "We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser," "Hunting the Hun," and

100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000



gnage some such assertion as "Just Like Washington Crossed the Delaware, Pershing Will Cross the Rhine."

Vulgar and cheap? No doubt, they are often so. Yet the cheapest song may often seem transfigured for singers to whose deepest sentiments it somehow makes an appeal; and to some songs of shoddy expression we do injustice unless we admit a genuine truth of feeling. The roughness of the lines which proclaim:

Belgium, we can hear you calling,  
Belgium, your tears are falling...  
Belgium, dry your tears!

does not prevent them from attaining some dignity as the expression of what the whole nation has always recognized as one of its great provocations and objects in the war. A doggerel verse to Pershing, "Hear the Bugles Sounding O'er the Sea," is a sincerely meant tribute to our army's leader. We can afford to have the people singing many shabby, faulty songs, along with better ones, but we could never afford to have them singing none at all.

(*"New York Evening Post"*, Aug. 1918.)

.....

The melody-ballade has a message. It is written by a composer who knows harmony, theory and all the science of writing. He understands the operas, symphonies, sonatas and enjoys them. But he understands that there are more people who aren't "up to" the grand opera and symphony than are; and he wants them for his audience. He wants to be a man of the multitude and not of the few.

Now a melody-ballade is a simple exposition of music without the flourish... In other words, a melody-ballade is just a simple, plain, inspired song which people can whistle, hum, remember. It doesn't require a thinking cap. It is beautiful on first reading. Moreover, being in English, it requires no libretto or translation.



## EPILOGUE



## WHEN SONGS ARE PRAYERS

On the veranda of a summer home, that looked down to the waters of Puget Sound—on an August night one year ago, and a full clear moon, and shadows, and silver tips on tiny waves that ran their course before a gentle evening breeze...

And inside—back in the darkness of the livingroom—a piano and a girl, and soft-played airs of familiar songs—just dreamy music that drifted out and whispered its way to the tops of the lovely pines....

And Bill and I sat out upon the porch. Bill was a soldier man, come back from France, gassed that fatal day at Ypres, when war came home to Canada in all its tragedy and grief. He had gone away full six-feet-three, straight and strong. He had come home not quite so tall, it seemed, and older than his-thirty-seven years.

Since dinner-time he had been telling me war tales; and, in between, both of us would dream to music by the girl within. Bill's dreams were mostly of the past, I think, for every little while he'd wake up in a startled way and then recount some new war tale.

And so we sat and talked and dreamed until there came, still softly played, the music of "A Long, Long Trail." And then Bill left his chair and went inside. Someone got a lamp and lighted it, and Bill and I, and she who played, sang through the song. I don't know how well we sang, but I do know that in Bill's voice there was to me a thrill of something that I didn't know. And deepest came the thrill with these two lines:

*"Nights are ~~very~~ very lonely,  
Days are ~~very~~ long."*

the *Arctostaphylos*. Bill told me of the "Cubed" of the "Times" of a few days ago, the picture of some outfit for that "Trophy" and said even the one who says he does everything he does, "I can sing on, perhaps a lot of so, so, so, but always sometime while 'Long Time'."

But I think that there were times during (1960) we couldn't have carried on without just singing them as a sort of protest song. They were prayers, I think, most of them. And the songs that were popular were the memories of China. We did some of the songs that were popular in China, but these made no special appeal to the sentimental sort."

so we go several times a day, whether to jog along with us, or with one of the patch of the house or the even-  
ing we down the "long" and "trill"  
and in use from the air with

Went on his way, when nights are  
 Fate never long. And then where  
 For the long, long trail, it is his wish  
 That a million of our soldier boys  
 Should sing his other songs, carrying

At last night on Pinger Street, singing was better. The nurses have moaned that they ever did before. Sometimes I was alone, when they sang, and I believe is right when he said that some of the officers

"Whenever I hear the one about the angels think of Bill, and I'm quite sure that if there goes a prayer for me, I'm engaged in the work Bill went away. I am quite sure, too."

that every time I have been privileged to listen to the singing of large groups of soldiers or sailors, and have perhaps "joined in" myself, there has come to me great elevation of spirit—a determination to go out and do what I may—to bring the day of victory a little closer.

And incidentally --and irrelevantly--I have conceived an idea, born of this "joining in," that I can sing myself. I even believe, in the face of numerous expressions to the contrary, that I can carry an air. I do know that I make a lot of noise with George Cohan's "Over There," and if I am careful I can get through without any discords or bad notes, or whatever those things are that jar sensitive souls with ears for music. I am very strong, too, on some of the lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner," while there are others, and I confess it frankly, that worry me considerable, and my wife says I shouldn't attempt to sing them because of the strange and agonized expression on my face each time I do succeed in reaching them.

Secretly, too, I have begun to worry because my parents didn't see to it that my voice was cultivated when I was still young. I haven't said anything about it to anyone, but every little while when I strike a good line in one of the popular war-time airs, I get through with it so smoothly, and with so much satisfaction to myself—whatever others may think of it—that I sometimes feel that in their neglect of my voice my parents ruined a wonderful tenor, or bass or baritone, or whatever noise it is that I make.

For various reasons, therefore, I have become interested in the singing of our soldiers and sailors. I have made it a topic of conversation at numerous times, and have been told some remarkable stories as the result of the singing of the soldiers in France. I have been told of an officer, stricken with shellshock, and apparently uninjured, except that it left him completely dumb. What the army physicians could do for him they did but without result. And then one day there came a phonograph to the hospital dormitory, and a nurse put on the record





nurse ordered the men back into the enclosed dormitory. But the storm brought no fears to the men, and like bad boys they rebelled and paid no attention to the order given. The head-nurse repeated it with as much severity as she could command and still the men remained outside. It was a serious moment for the nurse. She was the officer in command and her authority was being questioned. She couldn't pick up the men and carry them in and if they continued to disobey the situation might become quite serious.

And once again the phonograph played its allimpotent rôle. And gathered about it, as the record turned, were half-a-dozen nurses, and phonograph and nurses sang the song:

*"Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag,  
"And smile, smile, smile,  
"When you've a lucifer to light your fag,  
"Smile, boys, that's the style,  
"What's the use of worrying?  
"It never was worth while, so  
"Pack up your troubles in the old kit-bag,  
"And smile, smile, smile."*

And before the last line of the chorus was done the men came drifting in with the help of crutches and of canes, and when the chorus came around again they all sang lustily. Then they apologized to the head-nurse promising never to do it again. Finally they found some records of old-time hymns and played and sang until, one at a time, they had all drifted away. The strange thing is that nearly every man wrote letters home that day; or perhaps it's not so strange after all; old-time hymns brought up compelling pictures of the folks they'd left behind.

You remember, too, that sinking ship, somewhere out on the seas, with a mortal wound from a German submarine, in the blackness of night, the decks crowded with soldier men who didn't know if they were to die or live. But because their Uncle Sam had taught them how to

up there with heads erect and shoulders  
back, and sing:

For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake.

And some of them cried: "And some of them lived! And  
some of them died! For freedom's sake, for those who  
lived, for freedom's sake, for those who died!"

At last I stood on a pier at night. At the port  
of the pier was a transport with its decks  
crowded with army soldiers. On the other side of  
the pier was another transport, its upper deck crowded  
with Red Cross nurses on their way to

Don't know where, where I stood, were groups of army  
officers, sailors, laborers who wheeled the great trucks,  
and the spirit of an August day. To them  
it was an old story, but to me  
it was a story of solemnity. Slowly the transport with  
its decks crowded with soldiers began to pull out, lines were cast off,  
and the ship called good-by to the officers who  
stood on the rail of the departing ship. A mist  
of tears came over the figures aboard the ship were  
faded, and the way of the sweating men who  
worked the great big trucks.

At last I stood on the deck of the other ship, where the  
sailors began to sing, above all other sounds, the clear  
voices of the boys and girls, and they sang:

For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake,  
For freedom's sake, for freedom's sake.

At last the big men and their great big trucks stopped  
and they began to sing. Indeed it seemed for a moment that

everything ceased in all the world while the nurses sang. Then they were through, and from the deck of the other ship the answer came:

*"There's a spot in my heart which no coltch may own,  
There's a depth in my soul never sounded or known,  
"There's a place in my mem'ry, my life, that you fill,  
"No other can take it, no one ever will,"*

Just a moment's quiet, and back from the ship where the nurses were there came the song:

*"They were summoned from the hillside,  
"They were called in from the glen,  
"And the country found them ready,  
"At the stirring call for men,  
"Let no tears add to their hardship,  
"As the soldiers pass along,  
"And although your heart is breaking,  
"Make it sing this cheery song,"*

And the chorus came, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and the sweating men, and the officers on the pier, and the soldiers on the moving ship, and the nurses—all of us—joined our voices in the prayer to keep things well "till the boys come home."

It was the soldiers' turn to sing again. As their great ship drifted out into the stream their voices came back:

*"When the great red dawn is shining,  
"When the waiting hours are past,  
"When the tears of night are ended  
"And I see the day at last,  
"I shall come down the road of sunshine,  
"To a heart that is fond and true,  
"When the great red dawn is shining,  
"Back to home, back to love and you,"*

And then, from over the water and out from the pier and its waiting ship, nurse and soldier and men on the pier, sent up their voices in the favorite song:

*"There's a long, long trail a-winding,  
"Into the land of my dreams,  
"Where the nightingales are singing,  
"And a white moon beams!"*



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## APPENDIX



## SIX SONGS. BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON

Composer Francis Hopkinson's name is conspicuously absent from the biographical dictionaries of musicians, but there is said to be a letter extant in which he calls the attention of his friend, George Washington, to a volume containing eight of his songs. This letter bears the date of December, 1788, and contains the following:

"However small the reputation may be that I shall derive from this work, I cannot, I believe, be refused the credit of being the first native of the United States who has produced a musical composition. If the attempt should not be too severely treated, others may be encouraged to venture on the path yet untrodden in America, and the arts in succession will take root and flourish amongst us."

As the winter was severe in that year, the letter took two months to reach Mount Vernon from Philadelphia, but as soon as George Washington received the songs he replied to Francis Hopkinson as follows:

"My dear Sir: If you had any doubts as to the reception your work would meet with or had the smallest reason to think you would need any assistance to defend it, you have not acted with your usual good judgment in the choice of a coadjutor. For should the tide of prejudice not flow in favor of it and so various are the tastes, opinions and whims of men that even the sanction of divinity does not insure universal concurrence, what, alas, can I do to support it? I can neither sing one of the songs, nor raise a single note on any instrument to convince

the unbelieving. But I have, however, one argument which will convince with persons of true taste—at least in America. I can tell them it is the production of Mr. Hopkins.



FRANCIS HOPKINSON

FRANCIS HOPKINSON, born 1709, died 1790, at George-  
town, D. C., was the author of the *Declaration of Independence*.

With the compliments of Mrs. Washington added to  
the enclosed, etc., I am, dear sir, your most obedient and  
very humble servant.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The publishers of the new volume of old songs have sent with the music a few facts concerning Francis Hopkinson, who has unfortunately been overlooked by historians.

Francis Hopkinson, who could thus justly lay claim to the honor of being the first American composer, was one of the notable men of that time. A signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Convention of 1787 which drew up the Constitution of the United States, first Judge of the Admiralty Court in Pennsylvania, author of political pamphlets and satirical poems which were spread broadcast throughout the land and which exercised a powerful influence in moulding public opinion, intimate friend of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, he yet found time not only to compose music, but also to organize concerts in his native city, Philadelphia, where he was one of the leading patrons of the arts, to play tastefully upon both the organ and the harpsichord, and to invent and perfect a new method of quilling the harpsichord—which last achievement might have brought him additional fame and fortune, but for the fact that the harpsichord was superseded a few years later by a new instrument known as the “pianoforte.”

Francis Hopkinson was born in Philadelphia, September 21, 1737. In 1757 he was a member of the first class ever graduated from the College of Philadelphia. Four years later he was admitted to the bar and from that time he was constantly active in public service in one form or another. During his lifetime he held many offices, but up to the present time he is probably best known to students of American history as the author of the satirical poem “The Battle of the Kegs,” written in the second year of the Revolutionary War and achieving an extraordinary and widespread fame.

There are many evidences that Francis Hopkinson was a man of wide culture and learning. His knowledge of musical literature we can infer from his musical library, a large part of which has been preserved by his descen-

of the *Journal of the American Musicological Association* with the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner. There is also a record of the influence of the music of Placideau, and there is evidence of the "freeing spirit of the musical life in the 1860's, and after the war."

The first song, "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Long," was written in 1759, but was never published. The second is the first indigenous composition ever published by an American. The exact date of the composition of the other songs in the present volume is not known. None of them was written out in complete musical notation, and they have never before been published with harmony and notation. Besides supplying the relative accompaniment, it has been found possible to extract the outline of the melodies at several points. Some of the phrases were distinctly unvoiced, and the interval between notes was frequently too great for any but the most experienced singers.

Harold Vincent Milligan is the modern musician who has put these songs into notation that is familiar and adequate accompaniments for the piano. Whether the composer intended any of the harmonies of the accompaniment is uncertain. But Harold Vincent Milligan has been a factor in the style of the period. The songs are written just as we'll have been written for the Doctor Arne himself. This volume can be recommended therefore to all those who are interested in the American nurse. The songs are ready for concert performance, as attractive musically as most of the songs of the 19th century, select for the first group of their historical importance. The fact that they are the earliest songs of the period, and that there were a lot of others to be made of them, is a pleasure if they had no other merit. But they are beautiful, quaint and ingenious, as well as interesting. If they can be accepted gladly and put into their artistic merits. The songs are "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Long," "O'er the Hills," "Beneath a Weeping

Willow's Shade," "Come, Fair Rosina," "My Generous Heart Disdains," "The Traveler Benighted." The length of the songs can be gauged by the size of the album, which contains exactly thirty pages of music for the six songs.

*Musical Courier*, New York January 16, 1919.





## CADMAN'S "SHANEWIS"

PRaised BY CRITICS AT ITS REHEARSING AT

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE,

MARCH 12, 1919.

*Henry T. Finck in the New York Evening Post,*

*March 13, 1919:*

When Cadman's "Shanewis" was first produced, on March 24, 1918, we remarked that "at last the Metropolitan Opera Company, so altruistically generous to American-composers, has launched a score that smacks of genius," and that it is "undoubtedly the best opera ever composed in America, with the exception of Victor Herbert's 'Natale.'" This opinion was confirmed on rehearsing this charming work last night. With a true sense of values in this case, Mr. Gatti Casazza kept this opera in the repertory for a second season—the first American opera to achieve this distinction, and it would be very surprising if it were not kept there for other seasons, not for patriotic reasons, but because it is a good opera, an opera which can be heard over and over again with increasing pleasure. Mr. Cadman has supplied a fascinating alternation of red and white music. What is more, is that there is red blood in the white music, too. The score is never anaemic.

the vocal soloist, and to know how to make the orchestra speak  
the language of the song. His large experience as a song writer  
helped him to know how to use the voice properly and  
effectively.

*Letter to the New York Herald,*  
*March 13, 1916*

THE SONG "THE VOICE OF THE STARS" was interpreted  
by the vocal soloist as last season, which I found  
very effective. As I did then, Mr. Cadman's  
individual gift of melody and quite  
effective use of the orchestra in the way of varied  
accompaniment made a fine effect. I am rather of the  
opinion that the audience enjoyed the last work the best  
of the season.

*Letter to the New York Evening Sun,*  
*March 13, 1916*

THE VOICE OF THE STARS piece celebrates the singing of any  
American for more than one season, and indeed  
the work went better than any other and  
received the greatest attention. Its American theme is worthy,  
and it is interesting.

TEXTO ESPAÑOL COMPENDIADO



GUILLERMO M. TOMAS

“AMERICA INVENCIBLE”

LA MUSICA NACIONAL

DE LOS

ESTADOS UNIDOS

EN LA PAZ Y EN LA GUERRA



## COMENTARIOS HISTORICOS





## PRIMERA PARTE



## PERIODO COLONIAL



## DE LA SALMODIA

El arte musical en América tuvo su origen con la llegada de los Puritanos y se fundó especialmente en la salmodia, es decir, más a impulsos del sentimiento religioso que por estímulos puramente artísticos. Su desarrollo fué naturalmente melódico, adoptando después las tendencias populares, como lo comprueban los himnos "Mear" "Coronation" y "Bartimeus", hondamente arraigados en la conciencia americana, y que figuran publicados en varias compilaciones.

Las escuelas de canto, entre ellas la que se estableció en Boston en 1717, contribuyeron mucho al progreso musical. A causa de tal adelanto comenzó a dibujarse poco a poco la tendencia hacia la música instrumental. Primeramente se introdujo el empleo del órgano en los servicios religiosos, como ya se hacía en el extranjero; pero en esta materia se progresó con dificultad, a causa de la discrepancia de las opiniones y de los prejuicios teológicos.

En 1756, Stephen Deblois construyó en Boston un "Concert Hall" (sala de conciertos) al que sucedieron otros más tarde, donde la música se combinaba con la danza.

El primer libro de composición nativa apareció en 1770. Titulábase: "The New England Psalm-Singer" y contenía varios salmos, antífonas y corales, a cuatro y cinco voces. Era autor de él, William Billings, natural de Boston. América le debe por ello eterno agradecimiento, a pesar de sus frecuentes errores de armonía.

Después de Billings merecen citarse otros compositores: Andrew Law, Jacob Kimball, Samuel Holyoke, Daniel Read, Timothy Swan y Oliver Holden, autor de "Coronation", que immortalizó su nombre.



PERIODO DE LA INDEPENDENCIA





## DE GUERRA

### YANKEE DOODLE

Acerea del origen de esta composición han corrido muchas versiones. Se atribuyó la paternidad de la misma al Doctor Schackburg, que unía a la ciencia del médico, la inspiración y el talento del músico. Dícese que compuso el "Yankee Doodle" en 1755 para ridiculizar irónicamente las abigarradas tropas coloniales de Inglaterra enviadas a reducir el poder francés en las provincias del Canadá. Sin embargo, ese canto no es original del Dr. Schackburg. Está tomado de una antigua canción del reinado de Carlos I, que se cantaba con diferentes coplas. Algunas de ellas eran una sátira contra el Protector.

Lo cierto es que "Yankee Doodle" fué francamente aceptado por los americanos como cosa propia. ¡Quién había de vaticinar a los secuaces del Dr. Schackburg que aquella música utilizada para gozar la más sangrienta ironía, algunos años más tarde sería adoptada por los propios colonos para celebrar el glorioso advenimiento de su magna independencia!

El ministro de los Estados Unidos en Madrid, en 1858, comunicó oficialmente a su gobierno que ciertos aires antiguos de las provincias vascongadas, se parecían mucho al canto americano.

Por su parte, los madgyares creen ver en esa composición una de sus danzas nacionales.

Sea de ello lo que quiera, el "Yankee Doodle" no es propiamente un himno nacional, porque sus palabras son



No obstante haberse dado a conocer esa canción con el nombre de "Adams and Liberty", en 1813 reaparece bajo el título de "Jefferson and Liberty", y otra vez, el mismo año, fué cantada en un festival de Boston "en honor de los éxitos rusos contra los franceses", con nueva letra de Alexander H. Everett.

Era, pues, muy popular dicha melodía cuando Francis Scott Key escribió los famosos versos de "The Star Spangled Banner", en 1814.

Ferdinand Durang, actor dramático de una compañía que funcionaba en Baltimore, hizo la adaptación, utilizando la versión musical de "Adams and Liberty", y desde entonces ha sido el himno guerrero de la nación americana despertando siempre el fervor y el patriotismo de sus soldados.

En primero de julio de 1898, el regimiento 21, regulares, de los Estados Unidos iba cayendo, hombre tras hombre, ante las escarpas de Santiago de Cuba. El terrible fuego de los mausers produjo una momentánea vacilación en las tropas de asalto. De súbito los soldados entonan espontáneamente "The Star Spangled Banner" y a sus ecos, como por un poder sobrehumano, recobran sus bríos y, desafiando el huracán de balas, obtienen la victoria y fijan su bandera en las alturas de la ciudad.



## DE ENTUSIASMO Y PASION

### THE PRESIDENT'S MARCH

#### (HAIL COLUMBIA)

"Hail Columbia" ha llegado a ser la más manoseada de las canciones nacionales americanas. Como obra artística su valor es ínfimo; sin embargo, es una interesantísima pintura de su época.

Durante la Revolución las bandas americanas ejecuta-

340) Fue en 1800, ante una marcha populachera que se conocía como "La Marcha de Washington". Cuando Washington fue elegido primer presidente de la República, el pueblo se entusiasmó, para conmemorar el magno acontecimiento que le dio la idea de escribir algo superior a lo que hasta entonces había compuesto en que tan impropriadamente ostentaba el nombre del insigne Libertador. Y así nació la "Marcha del Presidente", que sirvió para solemnizar todos los actos oficiales del primer magistrado de la nación, pero que indudablemente hubiera acalado por el tiempo que ha pasado de todos a no ser por la posterior sustitución de la de J. Hopkinson con que en nuestros días se celebra la fiesta aplaudida.

### Mount Vernon

341) El autor de "Mount Vernon" y de "Evergreen" es Stephen Foster, ferviente apasionado por la música. Antes de componer escribió "Dover", popular en 1800, "The Bartmears" (1800), "Liberty" (1800), "Home" (1800) y otras.

"Mount Vernon" fue ofrecida a la memoria de Washington.

### Home, Sweet Home

342) "Home, Sweet Home" es una canción americana. La música fue compuesta por el poeta y en parte arreglada por el compositor John R. Bishop e interpretada en su comedia "The Beggar of Milan", estrenada en 1800. El texto dice: "¡Oh dulce hogar! ¡Oh dulce hogar!". La adaptación al castellano fue hecha por el poeta y compositor John R. Bishop. En estos sencillos, ternísimos versos se expresa el sentimiento de hogar que ha atravesado por todo el mundo en el tiempo. El "Home, Sweet Home" fue el primer canto de "Hogar, dulce hogar". Este dale y sonador poema, que se ha convertido en los peores del hogar, fue un gran éxito. El poema que jamás pudo gozarlos.

A los 13 años de edad perdió a su madre, su único apoyo, su último consuelo, y los posteriores años de una vida accidentada y errante lo llevaron a morir, pobre y triste, en tierra extraña...



PERIODO DE LA GUERRA CIVIL





## DE GUERRA

### MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Entre las canciones de la Unión que han alcanzado mayor popularidad no hay ninguna que aventaje a la de Henry C. Work titulada "Marchando por Georgia".

Esta canción vino a conmemorar uno de los episodios más emocionantes de la guerra de secesión: la famosa marcha del General Sherman de Atlanta al mar.

### TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

La letra y la música de esta canción, compuesta en 1863, son de Walter Kittredge.

No es una viva y animada pieza de batalla o de marcha, sino una conmovedora, sentimental y quejumbrosa melodía, que despierta los más delicados sentimientos humanos, y que vivirá por mucho tiempo asociada al recuerdo de los esfuerzos realizados en América por la libertad y la unión.

### MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!

James Ryder Randall fué al autor de esta tal vez la más bella y artística de todas las producciones poéticas inspiradas por la guerra de los Estados del Norte y del Sur.

Fué tal el entusiasmo que su lectura produjo en el ánimo de los simpatizadores del Sur, que una dama adicta a

30        Hay, O'Connell, adeptos a los vibrantes versos  
de Robert Burns, a una rima de una antigua canción escocesa.  
Con este nuevo ropaje, "Maryland" fue el  
himno favorito de las tropas e infanterías no fal-  
samente se denominase la "Marsellesa del Sur".

## DIXIE LAND

El primer himno Emmett en 1859. Se convirtió en el  
himno de guerra del Sur. Tuvo decisiva influencia en los  
cantos de guerra de los soldados en los días de paz. A Abra-  
ham Lincoln le gustaba mucho, y no pocas sociedades del  
norte cantaban estas estrofas aunque no representaban al  
norte como tal.

El himno se cantó en España, frente a Manila, en las bar-  
cas de guerra de Santiago de Cuba, en los campos de  
Batallas, en las marchas por tierra y en los viajes  
por mar. Los soldados se entusiasaban a las cadencias  
de este himno.

El himno no es más que un simple canon de un *minu-  
eto* de la música de salón. El himno de guerra de los estados del  
sur es un coro fraternal de la Unión.

## DE ENTUSIASMO Y PASION

### DIXIE Y DIME DE CALDERINI

30        Como los blancos de America, por regla  
general, se oponen a la creación de canciones originales,  
prefieren imitar las formas melódicas y rítmicas en  
cantos de los antiguos esclavos negros. *Dixie* y *Dime*  
de Calderini, que escuchamos en esta sesión, es un bellí-  
simo ejemplo del "empeñamiento espiritual" de los negros  
del Sur.

## MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

### OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Estas baladas de "color local" son extraordinariamente populares en los Estados de la Unión. Alexander Foster, autor de ambas, poseía un estilo sencillez, y sus procedimientos eran casi infantiles. Pero sobre esa débil base construía las más tiernas y expresivas melodías, características del ambiente regional que las inspiraba. Tuvo muchos imitadores, pero nunca pudieron copiar lo que había en él de mayor originalidad: el genio.



PERIODO MODERNO



## DE ARTE Y EVOCACION

FRANK VAN DER STUCKEN

Notable compositor y director de orfeones y orquesta. Nació en Fredericksburg, Gillespie, Texas, el 15 de Octubre de 1858. Recibió su educación musical en Europa con Benoît y Reinecke, asociándose más tarde a Grieg y Langer. Durante los años de 1870 a 1883 viajó por Alemania, Francia e Italia, desempeñando cargos de importancia en algunas ciudades y dando a conocer en otras sus creaciones musicales, aplaudidas siempre y encomiadas por personalidades artísticas de la talla de Listz, Grieg, Lassen, etc. Regresó a los Estados Unidos en 1884 y fué nombrado director de la famosa y próspera asociación coral "Arion" de New York; poco después director del Conservatorio de Música de Cincinnati, y, por último, director de la Orquesta Sinfónica de esta ciudad. Como director ha se señalado conspicuamente entre todos sus contemporáneos, no ya por el dominio completo de la orquesta y la facilidad de la asimilación, cualidades que posee en alto grado, cuanto por su brillante y fructífera campaña en favor de la joven escuela norteamericana, cuyas obras es el primero en dar a conocer en conciertos y festivales, altruismo doblemente meritorio en quien como Van der Stucken, es a la vez notabilísimo compositor. Ha abordado felizmente todos los géneros de composición, y si bien sus obras no están exentas de cierto manierismo a lo Grieg, revelan, sin embargo, un genio creador potente, de mucha inspiración y mayor cultura. Citaremos entre otras: la ópera *Vlasda*, acogida cordialmente en Breslau en 1883;





sabe qué admirar más, si la espontaneidad de la invención melódica o la maestría de su vestidura harmónica. *Sayonasa*, idilio japonés, de una sencillez admirable, hondamente sentido, que atrae, que encanta, que subyuga en los cuatro números de que consta. La ductibilidad del genio de Cadman se pone de manifiesto en esta bellísima obra: animoso, jovial en *I saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed*; tierno, amoroso en *At the Feast of the Dead I Watched Thee*; dramático y apasionado en *All My Heart is Ashes*; triste, abatido en *The Wild Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing*, y, siempre identificado con el poeta, parece tomar *d'après nature* el ambiente local de la leyenda japonesa... Aunque de menos pretensiones, son también muy recomendables las siguientes canciones sueltas: *As in a Rose Jar*, *Dandelions*, *The Sea Hath a Hundred Moods*, *At Twilight Time*, y *Sweetheart, in thy Dreaming*. Al dar a la imprenta estas líneas, llega a nuestra noticia el éxito grande obtenido por Cadman, en Denver, con una nueva colección de canciones: *Three Songs to Odysseus*, dedicada a la afamada cantante Lillian Nordica, cuyos subtítulos son: *Circe's Song*, *Nausica's Song* y *Calypso's Song*. En ellas ha ensayado su autor el acompañamiento orquestal, con felicísimo resultado, al decir de la crítica.

#### EDWARD A. MAC DOWELL.

La figura más grande y noble del arte contemporáneo norteamericano: pianista distinguidísimo y compositor genial y fecundo. Nació en New York el 18 de Diciembre de 1861; para desdicha del arte y de su patria, una fatal enfermedad lo llevó al sepulcro el día 24 de Enero de 1908. Para gloria de Cuba un maestro cubano dirigió los primeros pasos artísticos de Mac Dowell: nuestro admirado Pablo Desvernine, orgullo legítimo de las artes patrias. (Baker, *ob. cit.* Serafin Ramírez, *La Habana Artística*.) En 1876 estudió en París con Marmontel (piano) y Savard (teoría); en 1879 pasó a Frankfurt estudiando allí con Heymann (piano) y Raff (composición). Por este último conservó siempre Mac Dowell una admiración pro-



son: *Don Quixote*, *Robin Hood* (de éxito ruidoso en los Estados Unidos y en Inglaterra), *The Fencing Master*, *The Knickerbockers*, *The Algerian*, *Rob Roy*, *The Mandarin*, *The Highwayman*, etc. Todas estas operetas son todavía de actualidad en los Estados Unidos. De Koven ha escrito, además, muchas canciones y alguna música instrumental.

### JOHN P. SOUSA

Famoso director de banda y popularísimo compositor, generalmente conocido por *El Rey de la Marcha*. Nació en Washington el 5 de Noviembre de 1856, y recibió toda su educación musical en los Estados Unidos. A los 17 años de edad era violín de orquesta y como tal viajó con varias compañías por diversos Estados de la Unión (1877). En 1880 fué nombrado director de la Banda de Marina de los Estados Unidos, cargo que renunció en 1892 para dedicarse a la organización de la que lleva su nombre, con la cual ha visitado triunfalmente a Francia, Inglaterra, Alemania, Rusia, Australia, Canadá y todos los Estados de su país.—Es un director de magnetismo extraordinario, que subyuga insensiblemente a profesores y oyentes, sobre todo, en la interpretación de sus marchas, en cuyo género no tiene rival. Como compositor, aun cuando ha abordado con éxito grande la opereta (*El Capitán*, *The Charlatan*, *The Bride Elect*, etc.), y el género sinfónico (*The Chariot-race*, *The last days of Pompeii*, etc.), su popularidad, su fama universal descansa en las célebres marchas militares, de las cuales ha compuesto un sinnúmero, todas marcialísimas y en extremo originales. Su primera marcha *Washington Post*, fué vendida a un editor por la módica suma de \$35; en cambio *Liberty Bell* ha producido a su autor más de \$35,000! Sousa es hoy tal vez el más acandilado compositor de América.



## TERCERA PARTE



## DE GUERRA POR LA LIBERTAD UNIVERSAL

Todos los pueblos han tenido siempre sus cantos de guerra. Los franceses cuentan entre ellos *Partant pour la Syrie* y el *Sambre y Mosa*. Los ingleses su *Tipperary*. Los alemanes marchaban a través de las calles de Bruselas silbando *Cada pequeño movimiento...*

Las canciones de este género debidas a autores ilustres han solido gozar de poca popularidad. En cambio muchas que son defectuosas, desde el punto de vista de la técnica, se han hecho inmortales.

En medio de su vulgaridad tienen estos aires algo que los eleva: el sentimiento. La melodía-balada, aunque sea escrita por un compositor que conoce la armonía y la ciencia musical, se dirige siempre al pueblo sencillo y ha de tener en el pueblo su principal y más fiel intérprete. Su característica ha de ser que guste y "se pegue al oído" desde la primera vez que se escucha.

Entre las canciones americanas inspiradas por la guerra europea merecen especial mención: "*Over There*", "*We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser*", "*Hunting the Hun*", "*The American's Come*", "*Keep Your Head Down, Fritz! Boy*", "*Women of Homeland*", "*Keep the Home Fires Burning*".





## EPILOGO



## CUANDO LAS CANCIONES SE CONVIERTEN EN PLEGARIAS

Todas las canciones de guerra, cuando se oyen en camino hacia el frente o en el campo de batalla, despiertan en quien las escucha sentimientos heroicos; pero no siempre salen de labios animados por el valor y el anhelo del triunfo. A veces, desde lo alto de una amplia galería, en medio de la calma de la noche, las canciones guerreras se extienden a lo largo de las campiñas donde los pinos yerguen sus troncos plateados por la luna. Son los heridos y los convalecientes que en sus horas de infortunio se extasían recordando los días de la épica lucha...

Entonces la canción guerrera parece una plegaria elevada a los cielos en demanda de paz para los hombres...



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